That rightly thinks, and haſt moſt iuſtly ſaid,
And your large ſpeeches may your deedes approue,
That good effects may ſpring from wordes of loue:
Thus *Kent* O Princes, bids you all adew,
Heele ſhape his old courſe in a countrie new.

Enter France and Burgundie with Gloſter.

Gloſt. Heers *France* and *Burgundie* my noble Lord.
Lear. My L. of *Burgũdie*, we firſt addres towards you,
Who with a King hath riuald for our daughter,
What in the leaſt will you require in preſent
Dower with her, or ceaſe your queſt of loue?
Burg. Royall maieſty, I craue no more then what
Your highnes offered, nor will you tender leſſe? (vs
Lear. Right noble *Burgundie*, when ſhe was deere to
We did hold her ſo, but now her priſe is fallen,
Sir there ſhe ſtands, if ought within that little
Seeming ſubſtãce, or al of it with our diſpleaſure peec'ſt,
And nothing elſe may fitly like your grace,
Shees there, and ſhe is yours.
Burg. I know no anſwer.
Lear. Sir will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Couered with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oth,
Take her, or leaue her.
Burg. Pardon me royall ſir, election makes not vp
On ſuch conditions. (me
Lear. Then leaue her ſir, for by the powre that made
I tell you all her wealth, for you great King,
I would not from your loue make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beſeech you,
To auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whome nature is aſhamed
Almoſt to acknowledge hers.
Fra. This is moſt ſtrange, that ſhe, that euen but now
Was your beſt obiect, the argument of your praiſe,
Balme of your age, moſt beſt, moſt deereſt,
Should in this trice of time commit a thing,
So monſtrous to diſmantell ſo many foulds of fauour,

Sure

Sure her offence muſt be of ſuch vnnaturall degree,
That monſters it, or you for voucht affections
Falne into taint, which to beleeue of her
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle
Could neuer plant in me.
Cord. I yet beſeech your Maieſtie,
If for I want that glib and oyly Art,
To ſpeake and purpoſe not, ſince what I well entend
Ile do't before I ſpeake, that you may know
It is no vicious blot, murder or foulnes,
No vncleane action or diſhonord ſtep
That hath depriu'd me of your grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am rich,
A ſtill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
As I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.
Leir. Goe to, goe to, better thou hadſt not bin borne,
Then not to haue pleas'd me better.
Fran. Is it no more but this, a tardines in nature,
That often leaues the hiſtorie vnſpoke that it intends to
My Lord of *Burgundie*, what ſay you to the Lady? (do,
Loue is not loue when it is mingled with reſpects that
Aloofe from the intire point wil you haue her? (ſtãds
She is her ſelfe and dowre.
Burg. Royall *Leir*, giue but that portion
Which your ſelfe propoſd, and here I take *Cordelia*
By the hand, Dutches of *Burgundie*,
Leir. Nothing, I haue ſworne.
Burg. I am ſory then you haue ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt looſe a huſband.
Cord. Peace be with *Burgundie*, ſince that reſpects
Of fortune are his loue, I ſhall not be his wife.
Fran. Faireſt *Cordelia* that art moſt rich being poore,
Moſt choiſe forſaken, and moſt loued deſpiſd,
Thee and thy vertues here I ceaze vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp whats caſt away,
Gods, Gods! tis ſtrãge, that from their coueldſt neglect,
My loue ſhould kindle to inflam'd reſpect,

Thy